Nor would I change this pleaſure for the Court.

Cade. Zounds, heere's the Lord of the ſoyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thouſand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goeſt, ile make thee eate yron like an Eſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why ſawcy companion, why ſhould I betray thee? Iſt not enough that thou haſt broke my hedges, And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the beſt blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fiue daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Eyden. Nay, it ſhall neuer be ſaid whilſt the world ſtands, That *Alexander Eyden* an Eſquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate with a famiſht man. Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine, And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons, And ſtand you all aſide.

Cade. Now ſword, if thou doſt not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightſt fall into ſome Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

They fight, and Cade fals downe.

Cade. Oh Villaine, thou haſt ſlaine the flower of Kent for chiualry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thouſand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue dayes, and ile fight with you all. And ſo a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade muſt dye. *He dyes.*

Eyden. Iacke Cade: And was this that monſtrous rebel which I haue ſlaine?
Oh ſword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age,
For this great ſeruice thou haſt done to me.
Ile drag him hence, and with my ſword
Cut off his head, and beare it to the King. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and Soldiours.

Yorke. In armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maieſta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of Buckingham,

But ſoft, who comes heere, Buckingham, what newes with him?

Buck. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee ſo.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſweare:
What, comes thou in loue, or as a Meſſenger?

Buck. I come as a Meſſenger frō our dread Lord & ſoueraigne,
Henry. To know the reaſon of theſe armes in peace?
Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,
Shouldſt thus approch ſo neare with colours ſpread,
Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A ſubiect as he is!
Oh how I hate theſe ſpitefull abiect tearmes,
But Yorke diſſemble, till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
Humfrey Duke of *Buckingham*, pardon me,
That I anſwer'd not at firſt, my minde was troubled,
I came to remoue that monſtrous rebell *Cade*,
And heaue proud Somerſet from out the Court,
That baſely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

Buck. Why that was preſumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwiſe then ſo,
The King doth pardon thee, and granſt to thy requeſt,
And Somerſet is ſent vnto the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

Buck. *Yorke*, he is vpon mine honour.

Yorke. Then before thy face, I heere diſmiſſe my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in Saint *Georges* fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your pay of me.

Exit Soldiors.

Buck. Come *Yorke*, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,
But ſee, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter